

# HESPER

—BY—  
HAMLIN GARLAND

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(Continued from yesterday.)

"I am not afraid of Munro or his men," she answered. "In fact, they will be our safeguard. I will telegraph to Mr. Munro that we are coming, and he will see that we are protected."

"If you feel that way, then the simplest and quickest route is over the old stage road. With a good span of horses and a light cart we can drive to Bozle by 4 o'clock and reach Skytown before dark."

"Then let us go," she cried, rising. "I will order a carriage at once and call for you in half an hour."

"I will be ready," he replied. By means of the telephone Ann ordered the liveryman to harness his best span of horses to a mountain buckboard. "No, I do not need a driver," she sharply answered to his query. "Get them here quick!"

Before she left the receiver Barnett came rushing into the room. "What's all this? Jeannette tells me you're going back to Skytown today?"

"In twenty minutes I shall be on the road."

"Alone?"

"No; Dr. Braide is going with me."

"Impossible! You mustn't do it! Our attack is to be made tonight. The whole hill will be a battleground tomorrow."

"I can't help that, Don. I must go to my brother. He needs me all the more. Think of that poor boy lying there burning with fever and a battle going on! Put off your attack. It's all foolish, wicked, anyhow. What good will it do? You will only kill men or get killed yourself."

Dr. Braide was waiting as Ann drew up to his door. He carried a big bear-skin robe over his arm and held a medicine case in his hand. "Have you plenty of wraps? It's cold up there, they say. Let me arrange this robe around your feet. Shall I drive?"

"No, thank you. I will drive."

The horses were marvelous. They pushed up the steep, winding road with steady stride, their heads swinging. Not till they entered the canyon did they lag into a walk. The clouds hung low, in great gray masses, covering even the secondary peaks. Patches of snow began to appear at the roadside. It was a bleak, inhospitable and silent world.

"There is something ominous in this stillness," Ann said at last.

"Where do you suppose we will meet Munro's men?"

"Anywhere after we leave the half-way house, according to report."

"You know this man Munro?"

"I've met him."

"Is he as terrible as people think him?"

"He seemed very boyish to me and not at all terrible."

"The morning papers stated that he had assumed absolute control up there, and that his men were drilled in true military fashion."

"So much the better for us," answered Ann. "For he will see that we are protected."

At about 11 o'clock they reached the wide mountain meadow out of which the Bear creek fell. The clouds hung just above their heads, a broad, seamless gray roof.

At the half-way house they found a stage load of people and several freighters, and every man's mouth was agape.

The tavern was a survival of the days when railroads were of the far-away future—a long, low log structure with a roof of dirt out of which dead weeds flaunted. The front room, which swarmed with men in rough clothing, seemed to be a country store and post-office as well as an eating house. A small, active old woman met Ann with toothless grin. "Step right this way and get out of the smudge."

Ann followed her into a minute bedroom which opened off the dining room. The old woman began to chatter. "Put off your things here. My, but them's fine furs! Did ye drive up from the Springs? Are you going on to the camp?"

"Yes."

"Waal, you'll find it lively up there! As near as I can learn they mean biz!" she whispered. "Some of Jack Munro's men are in there now eatin'. They keep a mighty sharp watch on who comes in these days. Soon's you're ready I'll put you and your man down at my end of the table and I'll look after ye."

Ann laid aside her furs, but retained her hat, and as she re-entered the room made a dazzling appeal to those rough fellows, who eyed her with sly side glances.

Braide, already seated, rose to meet her. "We have reached an outpost of the guard and will be interrogated before we leave, I fear."

"I am quite ready to meet them," she replied, bending to her plate. "They can't refuse to let us pass."

The talk at the table was not illuminating. Each man apparently strove to fill his paunch before his fellow. Only one of them seemed to study Ann and her companion with candid interest. "This was a small man with a chin beard and an eye as keen as that of a blue Jay. As the other men filled and left the table he came down and tirelessly took a seat near Braide."

"I reckon I've seen you before," he began pleasantly.

"I shouldn't wonder. I'm Dr. Braide of Valley Springs."

"Where you ain't to go now, if it's a fair question?"

"To Skytown."

"Goin' to treat somebody?" asked the

old woman, who was hovering near. "Ann interposed. 'Yes; he is going up to treat my brother Louis, who is lying ill at Mr. Raymond's cabin.'"

The stranger glared again. "Didn't see nuthin' of the sheriff's army on the way, did ye?" Here he winked at Braide.

The doctor smiled. "Not a thing. I don't think they've left the valley yet."

"I'd advise 'em not to. I'm going over to the camp myself, and if you don't mind I'll jest nacherly jog along a rail or two ahead of you—to show you the road."

As he rose to go the stranger said: "If so be it you folks have any influence with Rob Raymond, preach him into joining the movement. It'll be a mighty sight safer for him and a big help to the miners."

After the man left the room Braide said: "We're in the enemy's country. He was plainly warning us, and his going along is in the nature of an armed guard."

"His escort may be of use to us," replied Ann. "Who was that man?" she asked of the old woman, who fairly whispered her answer.

"That's old Steve Adams. He's boss of this squad. All six of them men are Munro's pickets."

As Ann and the doctor drove on the clouds began to lift, rolling slowly, ponderously, reluctantly upward from the timbered slopes.

Their guide rode rapidly, signaling the doctor now and then to keep pace with him, and after nearly an hour of fairly level ground the road entered another canyon and crawled upward along a prodigious wall, which beat back the crashing roar of a small but very swift stream of water.

It must have been about 5 o'clock when they rounded the great base of the Black Cone at the head of the canyon and looked away across the big camp and far out upon the valley to the west.

Adams, their guide, was a considerable distance in advance when a couple of horsemen encountered them. After a moment's conference one turned back, and the other came on swiftly.

Ann's heart glowed with the hope that it might be Raymond with a message from the sick one, but it proved to be Munro. He came up swiftly and, setting his horse upon his haunches, leaped cavalierly to the ground.

"Good evening, lady," he called as he approached the wagon. "Have you journeyed far?"

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"How is Louis?" asked Ann quickly, with instant revolt of his assurance.

He felt the impersonal rebuke of her manner and replied simply: "He is better this afternoon, so I hear. I have not had time to call. It is a pleasure to see you again." He fixed his eyes on her companion. "I don't think I know you," he said, with a challenging inflection in his voice.

"I am Dr. Braide of Valley Springs."

Ann explained. "Dr. Braide comes to attend my brother."

Munro's face lost its reckless smile, and he looked worn and pale. "Doctor, I'm glad to meet you."

"We must hurry on," interrupted Ann, warmly impatient of Munro's glances.

Braide chirped to his horses and Munro swung to his seat and followed after. At the foot of the hill he called: "Keep that winding road. It will bring you to the top near Kelly's. I'll meet you there."

The peak was more than quiet—it was silent. It was as if a palsy had fallen upon every able-bodied workman, causing a swift devouring decay to set in.

"What a change!" exclaimed Braide. "I was here just before this trouble began and these hills teemed with men!"

"There is one smoking chimney. It must be the Raymond & Kelly mine," Ann pointed away up the hill.

"How do they keep going?"

"The strikers fear them, and, besides, Munro and Raymond are old acquaintances. I think he protects them."

Raymond was standing at the Kelly's door as they drove up, his face somber, his eyes clouded. He could not speak, so deeply was he moved, but with a nod at Braide and without a word threw back the robes and reached a hand to help her. "How is he?" she asked, with a catching of the breath.

"He is very ill, but I think—" His voice failed him for a moment. "I'm glad to see you, doctor. He needs you."

Everything whirled before Ann. "If he should die—oh, if he should die! It's all my fault," she wailed. "It's all my fault!" and her numb limbs refused to move.

"Don't say that," he urged. "I've gone over it a thousand times. I don't see that any one is to blame. I know you are not. Come, we must go to him."

In that instant something seemed to pass between them—some invisible, intangible bond was established. Ann put out her hand, and he took it gently between his palms. "Be brave, dear girl," he said tenderly.

She suddenly roused herself and hurried toward the cabin. Mrs. Kelly came to meet her with arms opened wide, her sweet face pale with pity. "Oh, Ann, darling, we needn't ye!"

Ann went to her for an instant, then put her aside and knelt beside the bed. Her heart grew icy cold with the horror and the pity of seeing that blithe, boyish face set and livid, the brows grave with the gravity of battle. His eyes were closed, and, at the moment, he appeared to be dying. She caught his lax hand and kissed it passionately. "Louis, speak to me! Speak to sister!"

Her low cry pierced Raymond's heart, and while he stood helpless, sick with sympathetic pain, the doctor took Ann gently by the arm. "Please leave me alone with Louis for a few minutes. Trust him to me."

Raymond turned comforter. "The doctor is right. His case is not decided yet. You must remember how strong and well he has been. He's not the pale slip he was when he came here. Please go over to the house and let Nora make some tea for you," he pleaded, and at last she yielded and, with a final look at the sick boy, went out with Mrs. Kelly.

With that half superstitious confidence which even the most intelligent feel when the doctor is present, Raymond soon followed. He was tired! His long ride to the valley and back, his lack of sleep, but especially his anxiety, had worn upon him so that now, when he could shift some part of his responsibility, his steel woven frame began to quiver and his brain to thicken. He sank onto a chair and lazily looked at Ann.

"It is sweet to see you," he uttered slowly—"doubly sweet because of Louis. We've done our best, Nora and I. I was in agony for fear you would not come tonight. I didn't want to shirk responsibility or labor—but—I wanted you. It's been a long day for me."

(To be Continued.)

Subscribe for The Sun.

## THE PRESIDENT MEETS LUMBERMEN

Says it is a Business That Requires Ability.

Indiana Minister's Wife to Go On the Stage—Necktie Saves a Man's Life at Richmond, Ky.

## MARRIAGE ON A SMOKE STACK.

Washington, Mar. 10.—The delegates to the convention of the National wholesale lumber dealers' association in session here called at the White House and were received by the president in the east room. After delivering to each of the visitors a personal greeting, the president made a brief address, and concluded: "There is no business in the United States which there is a greater need of having carried on with a combination of scientific understanding and practical horse sense."

The National lumber manufacturers' association and the National wholesale lumber dealers' association united in a movement to raise a \$150,000 endowment fund for a chair of forestry at Yale university. All the officers were re-elected.

## Ministers' Wife to Go On the Stage.

Mt. Vernon, Ind., Mar. 10.—Mrs. Frances Haas, the young wife of Rev. Oscar Haas, Methodist clergyman of this city, suddenly went to St. Louis a few days ago, with the avowed intention of entering a school for the culture of dramatic art, and it is said that later she will go before the footlights, presumably in opera.

Mrs. Haas was formerly Miss Frances Brown, daughter of I. S. Brown, who formerly resided at Springerton, Ill. She is highly accomplished in vocal and instrumental music, and is said to hold two or three diplomas from well-known conservatories in this country.

## Saved by His Necktie.

Richmond, Ky., Mar. 10.—Collins Hardin, a young newspaper man, owes his life to a flaming red necktie, which served as bullet-proof armor today when he was fired upon by John Burton of College Hill. The bullet made a red spot on Hardin's chest, but for some time after the physicians searched for the missile at the Gibson infirmary it could not be found. At last it was discovered in the folds of Hardin's four-in-hand.

## City Paid For His Shine.

Toledo, O., Mar. 10.—Wind abeam and every inch of canvas drawing, Clarence Willard, former president of the Toledo council, tackled into the city hall and demanded an order for 10 cents to get cleaned up because of the dirty streets. A few moments later the city hall bootblack went to Mayor Whitlock with an order for 10 cents for cleaning Willard's shoes. The order was sent to the solicitor to see if it was legally prepared. President Sabin of the service board finally paid the order, and Willard, rolling magnificently, stood in the doorway and howled.

## To Marry On Smoke Stack.

Evansville, Ind., Mar. 10.—Geo. P. Lenfers and Miss Ora D. Williams today announced they would be married on top of a new smokestack 222 feet high, in order to win a prize given by the local gas company.

## Iroquois Company Bankrupt.

Trenton, N. J., Mar. 10.—The Iroquois Theatre company, the Jersey corporation conducting the ill-fated Chicago playhouse of that name, where occurred the holocaust of 1903, was today put in bankruptcy in the United States district court here. These creditors are the petitioners, claiming the company has committed an act of bankruptcy by admitting insolvency. T. M. Wilmarth & Co., \$1,000; B. H. Marshall, \$3,000 and Frank J. Becker, \$1,669.

## Subscribe for The Sun.

The lineup of the Mattoons up to date is as follows: Catchers, Al Schissell, Indianapolis, and "Nig" Langdon, Charleston; pitchers, Clyde Holmes, Hillsboro, Ind.; W. C. Diehl, Frankfort, Ind.; Charles Nields, Indianapolis; first base and catcher, Manager Berryhill; shortstop, R. E. Armstrong, Terre Haute Ind.; outfielders, Winfield Pickering, Olney, Ill.; "Pete" Vance, Crawfordsville, Ind.; third base, Lawrence Doyle, Troy, Ill.

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## MANAGER LLOYD TO ATTEND MEETING

Will Take a Schedule Prepared By a Paducah Man.

He Now Thinks It Probable That the Indians Will Not Report Here Before April 15th.

## IS STRENGTHENING HIS TEAM.

Manager Harry Lloyd, of the Paducah baseball team, will leave tonight for Centralia, Ill., to attend a meeting of the schedule committee of the K. I. T. league which will be held in that city tomorrow for the purpose of selecting a schedule to be used this year. There are many schedules to be presented to the committee, among them being one from a high school girl in Cairo.

Manager Lloyd will be the only man from Paducah to attend.

"I have been writing for dates for exhibition games with major league teams," said Manager Lloyd today, "but have received no definite dates. Pat McAndrews, last year with Hopkinsville, wants to come here with a fast bunch, but I have not given him the dates. Evansville wants the Indians to come to Evansville on the 21, 22 and 23 of April but I have not decided. I think I will take the team there, however, if we have practiced enough."

"It was first decided to get the men here by the first of April, but Pres. Gus Thompson, of the local association, has suggested a later date, the 15th. Last year the team was here several weeks too soon and we did not get to do much practice on account of the weather. We will start to work at once when the men do come and will start on team work as soon as the definite line-up has been decided."

"My pitching force will be strong. I do not have to get amateurs to 'try out' but have some men I know are as good as can be found in the Kitty league. I will have nearly a dozen men to select my pitching staff from. In catchers I am also fixed. I will have about five to select from. Land's case is still hanging fire as far as Paducah's getting him is concerned. He will be tried out in the bigger league and if he fails to make good with Toledo, will of course, come back. I believe he will make good, however."

"I will have Haas on first and will have second and third sacks filled with good, fast men. Perry, Taylor and McClain, whose ability is known, will be with me again. I think the fans will see a faster team taking it all around than we had last season."

Manager Lloyd has signed Catchers H. C. Wisgam of Indianapolis and Ed. Ahrling, of O'Fallon, Ill., both experienced men with the big mit. They will report with the remainder of the team for practice.

Work on the park has begun, but is slow. The right field fence will be rebuilt and made higher and the left field fence also repaired, it having been damaged in the winter by winds. It is probable that a new and larger score board will be made, giving space for extra innings. The board is not large enough for the extra inning games played by the Kitty and for which this league was noted last season.

A Paducah man has arranged a schedule for the K. I. T. league for this season and it will be taken to Centralia tonight by Manager Harry Lloyd, of the local team, and presented to the committee tomorrow. Dr. B. B. Hook, prescriptionist at the DuBois-Kolb drug store at Third and Jackson streets, is the gentleman who got up the schedule and so far is the only local man to take enough interest in the schedule for the league to prepare one. There is a prize of \$25 offered for the best schedule arranged, and Manager Lloyd says that Dr. Hook has gotten up a very good one and stands a good show, in his judgment, to secure the prize.

Schissell, the Hyphen's new catcher, was with Henderson in the Kitty last year. Farnbaker of the Cairo Bulletin says: "Schissell is a good man."

If you have used Witch Hazel Salve without being relieved it is probable that you got hold of one of the many worthless counterfeits that are sold on the reputation of the genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by Lang Bros.

The funeral of Mrs. Margaret Gregor, who died of cancer at their home on Broad between Third and Fourth street, took place today. She deceased was 75 years of age. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Frazier, and other children. The burial was at Oak Grove.

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